

Saccharine

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Saccharine

by [Catboy_Dream](#)

Summary

Based on the prompt:

“Why are you wearing that, oh god, no you need to go and change.”

“Why? Because all you really want is to bend me over the counter and-”

Or

Dream wears a maid dress and gets fucked.

Notes

I'm sick but i have a ton of things i'm working on to post <3 here's a quick fic of the boys!

This is just personas and not actual people ty <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hmm...I don't think this will work.

Dream paused as he gripped the large grey package in his hand. It looked fairly inconspicuous, but only he knew what was inside of it. His bedroom door was shut even though nobody was home. Sapnap was away in Texas visiting family for a few weeks, whilst George had left for a few hours to pick up some groceries. Dream had stayed home, feigning tiredness. George didn't complain. He never did. He had simply pressed a kiss to his forehead and left with a smile and the promise of sweet treats for his boyfriend.

Dream sighed. *Hopefully, he takes a while.* Not that Dream wanted George out of the house, really. It would just make his next task...awkward. Grabbing a pair of scissors, he opened up the package, eyes lighting up at the visible fabric that billowed out from the wrapping. He had waited weeks for this to arrive, as it was tailor-made and personalised to his liking. A grin on his face, he made his way to the bathroom to eagerly change.

Stripping until he was fully naked, Dream opened the rest of the package delicately. It was *amazing*. The maid dress was primarily black with white accents, and the edges of the puffy sleeves were lined in a perfect shade of lime green. The petticoat underneath was the same colour, the fluffy fabric resting just above his mid-thigh. The dress was put on reverently, Dream's shaking hands smoothing over the fabric that covered his chest. *It felt perfect.*

Next in the package were a pair of cat ears. They were placed carefully on his head, the fluffy blond locks tousled slightly from the disturbance. Dream took a look at himself in the small mirror, feeling his cheeks heat up at the sight that greeted him. He felt so *pretty*. He was so pretty. Tearing his eyes away, Dream moved on to the thigh-highs. They were a simple black, slightly sheer so his tanned skin was a little bit visible. A pair of jet black panties were next, and Dream flushed in embarrassment, sliding them on with the thigh-highs quickly.

Dream exhaled as he reached the final items. A pair of *tall* black heels. They were a little chunky so they were easier to walk in compared to stilettos, as this was his first-ever time wearing them. He had seen his older sister wear them in the past though, and she made it look easy! Dream slipped them on carefully, wobbling a little but getting the hang of it quickly. Grinning, he took a look in the mirror, eyes widening at what he saw.

Dream didn't want to toot his own horn or anything, but he looked *beautiful*. The dress accentuated his natural curves and the thigh-highs hugged his thighs perfectly, a little bit of the fat spilling out over the top. *Wow*. His legs looked *impossibly* long in the heels. He was only around 5'7 without the heels, but now he was at least 6 ft.

I should take photos and show Sapnap. George can see them in person later.

Leaving the bathroom, Dream picked up his phone that was on the bed, where it had been left in the excitement of getting his package. He slid across to the camera app, taking a seat on the bed and beginning to snap photos. He sent a few of the best ones to his lover, saving them in his gallery to show his other boyfriend when he got home.

“Dream! Come help me with the groceries! Are you awake?”

Dream froze. *Fuck.* He didn't even *hear* George return. Why was he back so early?! *Fuck this wasn't happening.* The outfit he was wearing was supposed to be *his secret*. He was fine with them seeing photos but *in person...* There's no way he would be able to change quick enough

without George seeing. *George is going to fucking freak out*. He heard footsteps making their way to the bedroom, and Dream panicked, unable to decide whether to yell or dash into the bathroom.

The decision didn't matter, however, as the door was opened seconds later and the two locked eyes. There was silence for what felt like an eternity until George cleared his throat.

"Dream...Why are you wearing that?"

Dream blinked slowly, chewing his bottom lip awkwardly as he cast his eyes down. *Fuck fuck fuck fuck-* He settled on a shrug, eyes flicking up to look at his boyfriend. George's breath had quickened slightly, and his cheeks were flushed lightly. Dream narrowed his eyes. *Wait...Did George like this?* If Dream could seduce his way out of an embarrassing conversation, he definitely would. *Only one way to find out.* His fingertips slid down to teasingly move the fabric of the dress up, exposing a tiny bit more of his smooth thighs. *Come on, he had to shave if he was going to wear thigh-highs and a dress.* George's dark eyes zeroed in on the exposed flesh, tongue flicking out to wet his lips. *Yep, He liked it.*

"Oh god, you need to go and change, Dream. Now."

Frowning, Dream shook his head, watching as George moved further into the room. The door was shut behind the Brit. A few more seconds of silence followed before Dream finally spoke. "Why? Because all you really want to do is to bend me over and—" Dream cut off as he was pushed *hard* back against the bed. He landed on his back, legs hanging off the edge and skirt pushed up slightly. "G-George?"

George grinned, climbing onto the bed on top of the male. "You have a smart fucking mouth Dream," He said, pushing the skirt up even higher. Dream gasped, scrambling to cover his modesty. George didn't allow it. "Dressed like that, you have *no* grounds to be cocky. Unless you want to be punished?" George smirked at the rapid shake of Dream's head, cat ears wiggling with the movement. "You want to keep going?" Consent was important, and even though Dream looked *sinful* right now, he might not want to go all the way.

"Y-yeah. I'll say '*Piglin*' if I want it to stop~" Dream smiled, leaning up to press a soft kiss to George's lips. George reciprocated, taking control of the kiss and pushing his tongue into Dream's eager mouth. Their tongues swirled together whilst their hands roamed each other's bodies eagerly. Dream's hands came to rest on George's shoulders, one of them sliding down his back to grip at his shirt. George had one hand propping himself up on the bed, his other hand resting on Dream's thigh. His fingers danced on the flesh, digging in slightly and relishing in the sharp gasp that Dream released into the kiss.

"You're so fucking pretty, Dream. So pretty. If Sapnap knew what you were wearing right now, he'd be on a plane back home in seconds. You know he's obsessed with your thighs," George chuckled, getting a laugh from Dream.

"True~ I showed him a few photos...We should call him and see if he's seen them~" Dream suggested, seeing George's eyes light up and a grin spread on his face. He grabbed Dream's phone, opening up Facetime and calling their other lover. The call was answered after a few rings, Sapnap's face filling the screen.

"Hey, baby."

Dream whined softly at the sound of the other man's southern drawl. Sapnap seemed to pick up on it, raising an eyebrow as he looked at his phone. George's face appeared, and Sapnap gave him a smile.

“Oh hey, Where’s Dream?”

“Are you alone?”

Sapnap frowned, leaning back in his chair slightly. *Weird. George never got to the point that quickly.* “Yeah. Everyone went out to do some shopping. Did something happen?” He was a little worried. Dream was usually excited to call him and show his face, his cute smile lighting up the screen and making Sapnap’s heart clench.

“Did you see the pictures Dream sent you?”

“No...Why? He’s okay right?”

George snorted, turning the camera around. “See for yourself.”

Sapnap moved closer to the screen, eyes widening at the sight shown to him. Dream was lay on the bed, perfectly still. He was dressed as a *maid*. Sapnap drank in the sight of Dream’s exposed thighs, letting out a groan at the sight of the thigh-highs. “Holy shit ...You guys are killing me. Why do you have to dress up like that when I’m on the other side of the country~”

Dream giggled, lifting his skirt up to show off the lacy underwear to both men. They had similar reactions of shock, George letting out a gasp whilst Sapnap cursed. “Fuck you’re even wearing *panties* ? God, Dream you’re making it really fucking hard for me to not get on a plane right now and come fuck you into the mattress like the slut you are,” Sapnap sneered, watching as the boy on the bed squirmed eagerly, cheeks flushed a pretty red. “Guess George will just have to do it for me, huh?”

George smiled lightly at that, moving off of Dream to place the phone on the bedside table momentarily. “There we go. Now...I think I have a better idea. Come on Dreamie,” George smirked, getting off of Dream and picking the phone back up. He helped Dream get off of the bed, the heels clicking on the floor as he was directed to the kitchen.

“Wait, He’s wearing *fucking heels*? You’re killing me, Dream.” Sapnap groaned, watching the blurry screen as the two moved. He didn’t know of George’s plan, and by the confused noises leaving Dream’s lips, he didn’t know either.

“W-why are we in the kitchen?”

“You’re a maid. Why don’t you act like one? Be a good boy and put away the groceries.”

Dream raised an eyebrow, ready to complain but the sharp look from George was enough to put him in his place. He got to work, feeling two pairs of eyes on him at all times.

Meanwhile, George took a seat on the comfortable armchair. He set the phone up on a nearby table, propping it up on a vase so he was fully visible to Sapnap. The Texan seemed to get the idea, moving back in his chair to allow George to see his tented shorts. The brit smirked, allowing himself to give in to the urge to slowly palm himself through his jeans.

“George- It’s so unfair to tease.”

George laughed softly, getting Dream’s attention. The pretty boy lifted his head, shutting the fridge door as he finished putting everything away. He stood awkwardly near the counter, shifting on his feet as he waited for an order. George looked up, raising an eyebrow. “Are you finished? Hm...Bend over the counter. Take your underwear off too.”

Dream gulped, nodding once and turning to bend over the counter. He was at the perfect height for it to be comfortable, his stomach resting on the marble gently as his skirt rode up. Shaking hands moved to pull his panties down, letting them rest at his knees momentarily before stepping out of them. His face was bright red, cheeks burning with embarrassment.

“Like this?”

“Perfect, Kitten.”

George stood, grabbing the phone and taking it with him. The camera was flipped around so Sapnap had a perfect view of Dream’s ass. A groan emanated from the device, Dream whining in response. Oh, how he wished Sapnap was here too. He could have *both* his holes filled. The phone was passed to Dream, the screen turned around to show the two now. “There’s my cutie pie~” Sapnap cooed, laughing at the giggle that left Dream’s lips. Pet names never failed to make the blond melt. It wasn’t a lie though. Dream was *adorable*. His fluffy blonde hair that Sapnap loved to run his fingers through, his wide puppy dog eyes that made it so that George could never say no to him. Dream constantly had an air of innocence and warmth around him, never failing to cheer his friends and family up whenever they were down. He was a beacon of hope and strength for everyone he met, and his two lovers couldn’t believe how lucky they were to get to see him at his most vulnerable.

“W-wanna be touched, Georgie...” Dream whined, holding the phone in a position where Sapnap could see him and George stood behind him. He felt large hands grip his hips, pulling him flush against a hard cock. Dream gasped, rocking his hips back in a steady motion whilst Sapnap watched on in awe. A lubed-up finger was pushed into his tight pink hole, making him whine loudly. He hadn’t been fucked in a while, but the stretch was always welcome.

“Dreamy~” Sapnap’s voice rang out from the phone, and Dream looked up instantly, conditioned to obey his two lovers in the bedroom. He was greeted with the sight of Sapnap stroking his cock, the tip glistening with precum that Dream ached to taste. A second finger was pushed into him, dragging a shaky sigh from his lips. The phone was moved so it was in front of Dreams face, propped up on a nearby glass. Sapnap had a perfect view of Dream’s face and the movements George was making, getting a grin from the brit as he caught his eye briefly.

“Ready, my love?”

Dream nodded, feeling a slight pressure on his hole before George’s lubed cock slid into him. He whined loudly, hands clenched into fists as the harsh burn spread through his lower half. He felt *so full*. He always did whenever his boyfriends fucked him. George’s cock was shorter than Sapnaps, but it was thicker, stretching him deliciously and making his head spin.

“How does it feel, baby doll?” Sapnap asked him, voice sounding a little strained as his hand sped up, pumping his cock as his eyes focused on Dream. Dream giggled a little, sucking in a breath as George began to slowly fuck into him.

“Feels good...*so good...*” Dream moaned, voice taking on a high pitched lilt. His eyes were lidded and unfocused but pointed in the direction of the phone, eager to give some attention to the other. Even from so far away, Dream was desperate to please Sapnap.

George sped his thrusts up, the wet heat of Dream driving him *insane*. The slow drag of his cock felt perfect. *Dream* felt perfect. He always did. “Tell me how you want it, baby. Want me to go faster?” George asked, pushing up the skirt of the dress so it slid over Dream’s waist. His large hands followed the material, coming to grip at the tiny waist of the other male.

“M-mm...Faster- Please~” Dream wriggled his hips slightly, getting a warning slap on his ass by George. The older male obliged, however, speeding his thrusts up and relishing in the lewd gasp that left Dream’s lips. “O-oh my god...Fuck George...Feels so good!”

“Good boy,” George grunted, the hard thrusts making sweat bead on his forehead. Dream pressed his head against the counter, a constant string of moans escaping his mouth. That wouldn’t do. “Head up, baby boy. Don’t you want to show Sapnap how pretty you are?” George teased, his hand tangling in Dream’s hair and knocking the cat ears askew. He tutted and fixed them gently before pulling Dream’s head up roughly, George fucked into him harder, the sound of his hips hitting Dreams flesh still somehow quieter than Dream’s desperate moans and whines.

“Holy shit...” Sapnap almost came right there when he got a look at Dream’s face. The boy was crying in pleasure, tears staining his rosy cheeks. His pouty lips were parted, pink tongue hanging out as drool dripped onto the counter, panting harshly and letting out strained whimpers. His emerald eyes were almost closed, but Sapnap could make out his blown pupils and shimmering eyes.

“George, Fuck, I’m gonna cum, Please, please, please-” Dream yelled, prostate being constantly stimulated as he begged and pleaded to release. George didn’t feel like being mean today, so he simply gave him the go-ahead. Sapnap looked close too, so George figured he could help him out.

“Cum together. Both of you. I’ll fuck you through it and then I’ll cover your pretty face in my cum, Dream.”

Dream gasped, nodding his consent as his eyes fluttered open, looking at the screen eagerly. “S-sapnap~ Come on, L-lets do it together!” He moaned, watching Sapnap’s hand speed up as he desperately chased his release.

It didn’t take long for the two of them to reach the edge. Sapnap came over his hand, voice cracking and a loud grunt leaving his lips. This triggered Dream’s release. Well, that and the rapid thrusts into his abused hole. He came with a yelp, legs shaking as he struggled to support his own weight. George helped him, his hands steady on Dream’s body as he gently pulled out. “Good boy. You did so well. Do you want me to-”

Dream cut him off by pushing himself off the counter, stumbling slightly as he sank to the floor on his knees. His knees couldn’t support him, however, so his legs simply splayed out to the side, looking every bit like a newborn deer who couldn’t even walk yet. George shook his head fondly, hissing as Dream reached up to wrap a hand around his cock, pumping it quickly and sticking his tongue out, ready and eager for George’s cum.

George had enough clarity to grab the phone, flipping the camera so Sapnap could see from his point of view. *God, he hoped Sapnap was screen recording this.* The two watched as Dream blinked up at George, a sly smile on his face. “You gonna cum? I wanna taste you~” He purred, flicking his tongue over the tip of George’s cock. That was the final straw for George. Dream kept his tongue out as George came, streaks of hot white coating his tongue and splashing on his cheeks. It was hot, and Dream almost whined at the sensation. He kept the cum on his tongue for a few seconds, letting the two take the image in before he swallowed, smiling softly.

“You okay, Doll?” George asked fondly, reaching a hand down to ruffle Dream’s hair. The other giggled and nodded once.

“Yeah...I’m excited!”

“Huh?”

“Mhm~ The other costumes I ordered are due tomorrow~”

Sapnap had never opened the American Airlines website so fast.

End Notes

Twitter - (NSFW) @_Catboy_Dream

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